THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

SIDNEY DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1759.

Choice Poetry.

MOTHER, CAN THIS BE GLORY?

DUET.

Time Tune.

Mother, can this be glory, of which men proudly tell,
What opening of the former eyes on the fields of hell?
Daughter, what the light that showed our home, its ominous and its sky?
Then wake, sleep! rest, the country—but, mother, whence?
Up boy?

Second Voice.

My boy! I am here in my dreams—I hear his battle cry,
I know his form and heard his heart—I see him on the field,
Even now methinks I see him still his country's honor wield.

Chorus.—And was a fearless form, my beautiful, my fairest.

Both.

God of the battle, stand him still, and yet Thy will be done!

Second Voice.

A mother for a brother yearn, a mother for her son.
Both shall be offered every day—we ask Thee not to spare.
The noble hearts of England, our beautiful and brave.

Chorus.

Mother! I know thy courage well—thine is an accept.
Yet while thy heart are proudly swells, a love much from thy face,
Much more yet gnaws the fearful truth—still, still our loss is gain.

Both.

But on blood drenched battle-field, where sharps thy young and bare!

Second Voice.

Yes—yet, I know it must be so, I hold not all my dream,
I may not gather her ride fresh, where crimson flowers the river,
I hear the shout of victory—come, come those wounded!

Chorus.

They cannot glad a mother's home, nor give one back my boy.

Both.

God of the battle, hear us now, and yet Thy will be done.
Before thee we bow in sorrow, but we trust in Thee alone.
We cannot mourn the glory now—but one Thou shalt be ours.

The below lament of England, by J. R. CARPENTER.

Original Novelet.

THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A PEDESTRIAN.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in October A. D. 1854, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Alas! where have they gone, who once were here,
Whose life-sparkles now break ore more?
Where are the gentle and the dear?
Can destiny be turned aside?

Wordsworth.

The village, lying under the hanging woods which clothed all the slopes of the hills above the Wyalusing, which was now augmented by the various visitors who had married the names of a river, though in the nominal parlance of America it is generally pronounced as the name of a creek, looked prettily enough at a distance, however little it might, on a closer view, justify first impressions.

It extended in a long, straggling, single street along the plateau on the eastern bank of the river, which here flows somewhat west of the south, and is separated from the wood mixture of white cottages, with green blinds, peeping out of orchards and patches of natural wood, rough, irregularly-fenced fields, and here and there flowing dams, and roaring rapids, which are peculiar to a manufacturing village, such as the northern states of America.

Across was had in it, at the upper end, by an ordinary wooden bridge, through the occasional windows to which might be observed a high-backed fall, against a calash, from the upper current of which the water power was derived, whose constant murmur had obtained the name and drawn its growth.

As I crossed it, and turning short to my right hand, descended by a steep pathway, I speedily discovered how far distance had operated to clothe its real squalor and deformity with a thin drapery of natural beauty, which vanished as one approached it more nearly.

The white cottages, which had glimmered out so faintly, so seen afar, from the embowering shrubbery, were mere weather-beaten, dilapidated shells, from which all but the vestiges of their original paint had long vanished, and the orchards were undoubtedly fruitful and thrifty, were mere clumps of gnarled old trees, stag-horned and mossy, or ungrafted wildings: the dams were of the rudest and most ex-cabbage patches; the green shutters flapped in the wind, or creaked on single hinges; the door-steps were dismantled, the porches fallen, the vines, which had decorated them of old, trailed in modest ease on the ground, or crept over the shattered fences.

It was evident at a glance that the old agricultural population of the place, and with them all its thrift, its elegance, its comfort and its beauty, had abandoned the once charming Falls of the Wyalusing, unable to hold their own against the encroaching and defiling spirit of commercial and manufacturing progress. Their hospitable Americus hearths were now crowded by a tether of ignorant and squalid foreigners, the moiled slaves of capital; their pleasant homesteads were converted into mere barracks for the toilers in the swart coal-mine, or the smoky workshops. The cheerful rural sounds, which under the new country village so delightful, the lowing of the cows from their shadowy pastures, the bleating of the fleecy flocks, the cooing of the pigeons from the housetops, the alarum of the shrill cock, and the honest bay of the protecting mastiff, were gone for ever; silenced, replaced by the harsh cry of children, the clang of hammers, the roaring of huge furnaces, about which came and went gaunt forms of their swinkmasters, without their smile, blackened and begrimmed extremely with natural fealness, intensity with moral filth and, the blear-eyed wife, if there be a washed, like to demons than to beings created in the likeness of their Maker.

Out of the dim and shattered casements poured women, dim-eyed, squalid, clatterly, almost unsexed, many of them showing by their bruised faces and scarred features, marks of unmanly violence, and all of them displaying in their lack-lustre expression and brevity even the disgusting tokens of habitual intemperance.

In the middle of the unpaved and untended street, scarcely worthy of the name, which tumbled to more sense than one, by the permitted swine, little above them in point of the animal scale, little above them in point of the animal marks of cleanliness or culture, little, it is to be feared, above them in any human quality, the offscreed and ragged and blasphemed sorts—nay! hundreds of wretched children—children of social misery, of filth and of intolerable starvation; children of vice, intemperance and sin, and in these, at least, even below the beasts that perish, ignorant and therefore guiltless of ill-doing.

I passed onward slowly, sick of heart, saddened, and fully marvelling how men, with such palpable, terrible examples patent before their eyes, staring them literally out of countenance, can still persist, day after day, open-eyed and understandingly, in casting themselves into this abyss of worse than Circean brutalization—when suddenly a loud bell clanked discordantly, and out-poured en masse, from brine, from mill, from smashing furnace, forge, and stithy, strong-limbed, athletic, rugged, rude and swarthy, the workmen, for their hour of repose or recreation—some for their unloved, unlettering homes, some for the beer-house, the hog-house, or tavern tables; hunt for the loathsome drinking dens, which yawned, like so many mouths of the pit of darkness, at every hundred paces along the rocking thoroughfare.

The shapes and evil-ominous countenances, with which they had been delighting themselves during the forenoon, in lieu of natural, child-like smiles, were now exchanged for sterner and more terrible passions, which deepened the actual pain of chastisement rightly or wrongfully inflicted by their hardened fathers; and more than once, as I looked by the door of some dark and dingy hovel, a woman's shrill voice, and the accompanying sound of the well-known cord of sleeve and cotton, told how the faults of those miserable wives and mothers were resented, perhaps their devotion requited, by the stout fellow that called them his wives.

Anon, among the sullen or obstreperous throngs, picking their way carefully through the filthy way, keeping as much aloof as might be from the debased slaves they governed, were to be seen here the grave, snuff-taking, hard-eyed men, plainly but neatly and substantially dressed, having in suppressed tones of prison and profits, and of business chuckling decorously over the unholy gains, which they daily and hourly wrung, by means of the wretchedness and degradation of their unfortunate dupes, from the very bread of infants. Those were the overseers, some of them perhaps the proprietors of the works, hurrying to their dwellings in the upper part of the village, the fashionable village inn or rural district, to which a midday luncheon, during the brief cessation of toil, in anticipation of a more luxurious evening meal in their own snug retirement, had given the appearance of a bustle.

In the second street, I pursued my way therefore to the same place, though I had no intention whatever to lunch, as my only refreshment, until a late hour in the evening; for indeed I should be so fortunate as to obtain the shelter of some friendly roof-tree, which was a matter of some doubt, the nearest house, which was to be seen down the Susquehanna below its junction with the Wyalusing, being quite out of reach before nightfall, as I had learned from my informant.

The tavern, when at length I reached it, for so it called itself, was the largest house in the village, looking across a green meadow to the river, and separated by one or two fields, with a few trees dotted about them, from the nearest cottages. It was a large, square, lofty, barn-like building, with a vane to some convenience and decency at least, if not of ornament or real comfort. It was not even a bad specimen of what was owing to the growing wealth, and perhaps to the growing taste of the place, and which, when employers had become rich, and a superior class of workmen consequently, while the workers were making lower and lower into ignominy and vice, rendered it indispensable that some sort of public accommodation should be provided for the former entirely apart from the latter, who, indeed were excluded, with the person of moderately reputable habits to brook even passing contact. The bar-room, which, as I entered, looked pretty enough at a distance, however little it might, on a closer view, justify first impressions.

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Original Sketches.

SCENES IN THE SNOW

STORM.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING POST.

BY ST. CLAIR ASHLEY.

The Snow Storm came on the night before Christmas, and, shining on the frozen earth, caused a "Green Christmas" to look like one covered with ermine, without a blemish on its surface, except our unfortunate mate, and that on his hat, and he insisted that it was frosted brant. Fast all ready when we went into the station-house. The snow was laid on rather thick over the frame house, but resembled thread, lace, and took very well at the long table; many of us hoping for the last time, as we felt our inner to go would soon come round. And as we emptied the last unlucky bottle to awaken our coffee, we talked over our parties.

One lady proposed that we should all meet at her house, "one year from this date," and hold an anniversary meeting. To this we joyfully assented, and if we should be allowed to do so, you will hear from Billy Boy I live in Boston, particularly if the "crimson drapery" is prepared, as she promised it should be.

"A sled in sight," said a man, as he rushed to the door.

We all were loud in the cries, declaring we'd went get of this time, some one said, "no let us sing 'since' and we'll encourage many to use the voted dawg, as our signal.

The sled was soon alongside, manned by a pair of our number, if they would start immediately; but told them honestly, that he had but little hopes of getting through the drifts with a load, and he told them to "handle by well, as it was colder than one can give—of."

We said farewell, and parted, and feeling rather sad, these left behind took their seats, and gathering up all old songs of the period, and a roaring over the advertisements for the twelfth time, the sled was off, and we were left *late departed* friends returned. The driver had a stunt badly in the first drift, and concluded to turn back while he could, declaring he hoped never again.

"This sure has had; should we never get away? Well, we must do something; so some sing, some read, some talked, some played chequers, and one lady cried, went to the house and made a set of cheese men, cut of dough and small jones, baked them, and brought them into the cars, and with these our entire host lost at a game of chess, after all her trouble. Dignified, 'eh!

A gentleman sitting in our corner had just borrowed a very interesting book from one of the ladies, and resigning himself to his fate, he did not notice he could finish even the first page, a great sheet was heard without, and up drove a four horse sleigh in great style! The back of four one way, the cheer was another, and very body sprang from their seats.

It proved to be a conveyance sent by the Governor, for some of his lost legislators. While the driver and his horses were refreshing themselves, the members made ready for their journey. And now there were some affecting leave takings. Handshakes go on, wishing most stay where they were until they could get forward or back, as the case might require all. Two of the members' wives had concluded to go back to Washington with an engine that was going to try to get through the next day. And here I may as well say, they *did* start, and got half way, and then had to return to their old English spots. There was evidently some fascination about that spot, and whether those ladies ever did marry it, we will never know until the anniversary meeting. I believe the fort of the legislators did leave in the four horse sleigh on Tuesday, the 20th of January. When they at length arrived at the long-wished-for, and much-talked-of, town of Portline, they there found all, or nearly all, of the passengers who had left the cars days before, and here they were likely to remain if they waited for the trains to clear out. We spent some half-dozen regimes frozen fast in the drifts between Dwight and Pontiac, with nothing visible but their pipes.

The hotel at Pontiac was crowded full, and in more unmentionable, sneak or sort of language can scarcely be imagined. Many accidents could be related, very amusing at the time, but perhaps they would not bear repeating. We could tell how one lady and her husband caught rats to knit bone for her bonnet and children that she had left at home. "For," said she, "they will need some by the time I get home." Another lady arriving at Pontiac in the night found a party dancing in the dining room. She was very cold, and not thinking of her strange appearance, she walked right in amongst them with a red and blue blanket enveloping her figure from head to feet, and a veil with knit knotted tied over her bonnet. The fiddler stopped in the middle of a tune, and the dancers fled. One lady told us she had been to California and back, but had never met with an adventure to compare with this.

Three sled loads of men, women and children left Pontiac on Wednesday. The weather was still intensely cold, and we were often obliged to stop to warm, indeed the gentlemen walked most of the way, and thoroughly got for ahead of the sleds, as we moved very slowly through the deep snow.

About half way between Pontiac and Lexington, those who had walked on, stopped at a tavern and engaged dinner for us. When we drove up, our friends came out in high spirits, telling us that dinner was being prepared by the "smartest kind of a woman," and she for the time of "biggest load of a baby" it all entered the cabin, and it was well filled when we once got into it. Two beds, a bureau, and a cooking-stove, took up more room, the "big baby" had his place, too, and the remainder of us sat down as we could. The dinner was a pot of hominy, and seemed himself to be the only one who was not pleased. Some glad enough to get in and ride now. They had stopped at a house on the journey, over the way was dear and the woman there was not a "smart" one, and would not cook for them; they had to give her fifty cents to let them warm for her stove. We excused her when they told us she was washing, for what woman is ever a good horse on wash day! One thing had justice, tardy troubled us all day; this was a home house which belonged to the team, and had become tired out the night before, and this home the driver would bring along, declaring it was good to be left at Pontiac," no one of our number had to hold the halter while the poor beast struggled through the snow. As we left with our backs to the driver, we were obliged to witness all the unavailing efforts of the horse to keep up. Poor fellow, I wonder whether he finally lived or died!

We arrived at Lexington about sundown. Here we found another train of cars frozen fast in the drifts, with quite a number of passengers waiting to get through. We partook of a supper, and could not get a room in one house, that is, some of us, but our "anxious members" would not think of a woman's delay, they must go on to Bloomington to meet the cars. So they hired a sled, and drove off in the bright moonlight, delighted to think they would be first to enter Springfield. We looked after them as their merry voices died away in the distance, and then mingled our cries in the arms of Morpheus.

On Thursday morning after breakfast, the "gallant grays" came round again with the sleigh, that is, three of them, for the lame one was left this time, and a large black horse filled his place in the team, and we all prepared to take the cutting wind once more.

"That's a fine black horse you have, driver; looks like he'd take to thorough," said one.

"Why him up," said another.

"He may be a good beast, but he don't handsome up much," said a third.

And away we went, our spirits rising as every mile was passed.

We had thought we would not stop by the way this time, but we were so cold when within two or three miles of Bloomington, that we were glad to partake a house by the roadside to warm. Here we found a good fire, and pleasant people. The men of the house told us we had just been saved an exposure of a snow-storm, to his friends in Ohio, and he said he would like to know if we really had come in this state. If I was in Ohio I would tell the Ohio Cornits;" seeing a smile on our faces, he added, pointing to a letter on the table, "that is an Abolitionist letter from my brother."

The laugh was loud and long, and yes it ended, we delved deeper into the mystery of the second hour of the hotel, our new passenger seeing he covered himself to our good.

"I must hurry out of this, or I'm afraid they will take me for one of the members of the Legislature," said he, and off he went, and we saw no more.

At Bloomington, who should we meet but the party who had deserted us the night before; they had gained nothing by their long night ride, and were waiting for the next train. But it could go no further at each division, so we sat a breakfast, and then we were off once more, and soon took our seats in the cars. As the seats had just been through from Bloomington to Springfield, hundreds of passengers were crowded into the cars; many having to stand all night, but when we arrived at Springfield once again, and would we not go off in a hurry?

Poor, poor, were the homeless, now we're off! so, not yet, the only one that has been used on a fast day way. We waited an hour or two, and then reports began to go the round, that "there were still some awful drifts between us and Jacksonville." The cost of which not be deducted from the amount.

We waited several, we not discovered several persons whose faces were quite familiar. There was "Virginia," quite relieved down, the pet of the party, and another little was not present, the gentleman from Greenland" did not mind it, had a good home to stay at, so the cold! What! pull! what! we are off at last. And how many as well come this dismal narrative. Why forget of this Union. Suffice it to say, we got through safely, but finally got through, and at nine o'clock arrived forthright, rejoicing that our trials were ended.

It cannot be expected that this "one year ago will" will interest those who have not been home during the winter. But to those who have been there, the scenes of the "snow drifts" will ever be interesting. The amount of that long week will not soon be forgotten by them.

Our Correspondents

TO COMPUTE THE DAY OF THE MONTH.

MR. EDITOR—Permit me to recommend, through your paper, to its readers, the following method of computing the day of the month, on which any given week day will occur, mentioned then may which I have seen. Children will with great facility learn it after a few minutes instruction because age in its application.

We associate with the names of each month a nick-name, similar to word to the name of each month, and then we associate with it that when the one is named, it suggests to the mind the other, as James suggests Jim, John Jack, and vice versa. The following are the nick-names for the several months in their order—Sammy, Debbery, Dutch, Chapell, Ray, Esme, Golly, Cougar, Pepitember, Actober, Novenigger, Decentic. A little effort should may be memorized, and made as familiar as the others. These months whose nick-names begin with the letter J, are in Monday. Those with C, on Wednesday. Those with M, Thursday. With E, Friday. With F, Saturday. With G, Sunday. The 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, and 29th day of every month, are always the same day of the week.

To find what day of the week the last day of September, 1855, is—the same September suggests its nick-name, Pepitember, which, beginning with the letter P, will come on Saturday, which is the 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, and 29th day of every month, is the 30th, or last day.

The above applies to the year 1855, and leaves out bissextile days in December, and always but twenty-eight in February. It would be unfair to mention of every year; that, the New-Year would always come on on Monday, and the initials of the above nick-names would always indicate the week day of the week. But the thirty-first day being left out in December, and the year having more than fifty-two even weeks, every New-Year will come on the day of the week following that on which the New-Year's day occurred by, the letter A, next year, will indicate Tuesday. It, Wednesday, and so forward.

On when a 29th day is added to February every fourth or every fourth or leap year's similar change in the addition of days.

Whenever, therefore, the 31st day of December and the 29th day of February occur, the letter which indicates the change their position to the day of the week following the one which they respectively indicated before. For instance, the letter A, during the year 1855, indicates Monday, till after the 31st day of December. It will then indicate Tuesday, till after the 29th day of February, 1856, (being leap year.) It will then indicate Wednesday, till after the 31st day of December following, and so on—that is, after the 29th day of February in any year being given, we can readily, according the day of the week, and the day of the week being given, we can ascertain the day of the month, with a few moments reflection in all ordinary cases.

Questions for your readers—Acquired—The day of the week on which Washington was born? And the date in each month of the week on which he died? Yours, truly,

A. A.

Ashcock, Ohio.

Clippings.

☞ The night which settled upon Pompeii lasted seventeen hundred years, and the day which has dawned revealed the wonders of the judgment which came in the midst of her pleasures and her sins. The luxurious palaces, the halls on the streets, and the gardens of Insignia which sculptors has offered to the people of the house, have been exhumed, and to that this city could not have been better than Sodom, and deserved its fate.—Prime.

☞ A lying man will ever be a lazy man, and he that will not work will be a beggar. Idleness is the mother of all evil, and slothfulness is slavery in a condition indispensable to the maintenance of the territorial property of the world. Let the right way, and the wrong way, to get somewhere that it does not enter into the mind of anybody to thoughtlessly engage in.

In many reports of the Senor's remarks, a considerable difference was made in their meaning, by translating the word "bolar" into "conclave," instead of case, as it reads above. The Spanish Cabinet Council is a very different thing from a conspiracy, when it expressed itself decidedly the reverse. The English borrowed from the right way, and the wrong way, to get somewhere that it does not enter into the mind of anybody to thoughtlessly engage in.

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☞ Oxygen is the most abundant substance known, and is found in the proportion two-fifths of all the matter of the globe.

☞ Scene in an apothecary shop, after the passage of the Maine Liquor Law. Time—one young man enter. "Come, Jim, what will you take?" "Well, I'll take a private aid in the ear." Clerk (in great grief)—"What yours?" "I'll take a burning fluid candle."

☞ A correspondent wishes to know,—"What line in Shakespeare is entirely emancipatical?" We should say the following, which has been found sufficiently barbarous to read a certain passage of Macbeth's soliloquy:

"Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee!"

☞ A certain individual, not over remarkable for personality in paying his debts, was complaining to a waggish acquaintance of shortness of breath. "Indeed," replied he, "I am surprised at that, for I had a little conversation with your tailor the other day, and he told me that you were a long-winded customer he had."

☞ What is the matter with Mr Johnson's eyes?" "Why, he has gained another by looking through a thick-bodywood handle."

☞ "My son," said Mr. N——, (a Yankee, whose conversation is frequent with the New Hampshire Register,) "how could you marry an Irish girl?" "Why, father," said the son, "I'm not able to keep two women—and if I'd married a Yankee girl, I'd had to have hired an Irish girl to take care of her."

☞ "Pat, what is the matter with your eye?" "Faith, honey, I was after fighting a duel, and the other eagles other people.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1860.

General News.

THE CALIFORNIA.—The mail steamship Illinois, Capt. Wilkins, arrived at this port yesterday morning, bringing passengers and treasure, and the mails of the 1st inst. from San Francisco.

The amount of specie on board is only $170,107.

The ship's entertainment, which existed at the close of our last account, (page), has, in a great measure, subsided. The supposed leaders have not returned, and it is altogether improbable that any of them can resume, with the same impunity as heretofore, their exciting career.

Robinson & Co.'s Saving Bank has turned out an entire new concern. The deposits exceed $200,000—the assets nothing at all. It is doubtful if the depositors receive more than ten cents on the dollar. Mr. Robinson has been arrested on a charge of embezzlement, and is now awaiting the action of the Grand Jury.

Dr. Wright's children have had a meeting, and voted to grant him an extension, hoping that eventually his daughters may succeed in making a considerable portion of his indebtedness.

The affairs of Adams & Co. are before the Fourth District Court in a variety of questions. Nothing has occurred to justify Sheriff's officers for levying on the money seized by the creditors of the concern, and the question, in course stay of proceedings ordered in this instance.

The arguments have engaged the greatest array of counsel ever, probably, in any trial in this State. The decision will undoubtedly be rendered in a few days. The amount of the property in force of the receiver of the creditors, is one of the heaviest ever known in this State.

Passengers by the Illinois, from California, give a rather unfavorable account of business matters there. Residencies and laboring men, they say, are doing well, but the trade of the city is overdone. Many of the merchants are speculating, the produce business is dead, and the commissionaires of Jamestown, and Four Points, are in a bad way. Prince Gortschakoff and M. Jacquemont, the Russian minister, to Persia, were prepared to treat on

Some given in the affirmative. [illegible] a "bureau" (in favor of each of the four colonies) to be formed, whose duty it is to distribute [illegible] to the different [illegible] their State papers, &c. The only matters having the character of all parties, the first [illegible] are immediately entered unanimously agreed to, &c.

The Post [illegible] Mr. [illegible] is the [illegible] of all the Conference. It further [illegible] each day's proceedings signed by the plenipotentiaries, and agreed to [illegible] to accumulate reports of [illegible] Post on the [illegible] Conference.

THE CASE.—Accounts from Constantinople to the 14th ult. say the relations of the Conference with the Porte and administrations of [illegible] Turkey [illegible] the views traced out in the [illegible] the Council, and a deputation [illegible] expressed himself yet more [illegible] the Porte, and [illegible] up the first lack of [illegible] Council. I will take [illegible] practising further on the [illegible] and never, never—and I will [illegible] my signatures [illegible] the slightest [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE GULF AT GALVESTON.

[illegible]

Selected Articles.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANTRY.

Cultured as the powers of Russia may be considered, it has within its ample bosom all the elements of weakness. It is a vast empire, and therefore is deficient in the most characteristic feature in national greatness.

This will be apparent, when it is taken into consideration that, with a few exceptions, the peasants of Russia are all slaves. They form two classes—peasants of the crown, and peasants belonging to individuals. The Emperor Nicholas has done much to lessen the evils of the former, and to render their emancipation, as well as that of the latter class, more practicable. Yet the condition of both is still degrading and deplorable. It is to be seen in the heart of the Empire. And to understand Russia correctly, so that she may be long feared, this individualism and peculiar trait is only to be the abhorrence of more civilized countries.

It is understood that about a ninth part of the peasantry belong to the crown. Possessed by individuals, are their property, so much so the cattle or their estate. The rent paid by the crown peasants is fixed; that paid by private peasants is regulated by their means of getting money—or, in other words, is a tax on their industry. There is no law to restrain the demands of the master—only time and labor are absolutely at his command. Some of the nobility send their slaves to St. Petersburg or Moscow, to be instructed in various trades; and then either employ them on their own estates, hire them out, sell to them permission to exercise their trade, or dispose of them at an advanced price. Some of the Russian nobles have 70,000 or 100,000 peasants—and from this fact, no may well be supposed, their wealth is immense, in whatever form the labor or those slaves is employed. Women and children, as well as men, have to labor for their master, for each per as his caprice or means may dispose or employ them to give.

Taxes are besides demanded out of whatever they remain in their hands. As soon as a child reaches the age of ten, he is taxed a certain sum; and when he reaches fifteen, each male is obliged by law to labor three days in a week for his master. If the proprietor chooses to employ less on the other days, he may—as, for example, in a manufactory; in this case, how ever, he finds him to food and clothing. In general, the master, instead of exacting the labor of a slave for the stated portion of the week, agrees to receive rent; and he is bound to furnish him with a farm and a certain portion of land. The aged and infirm are provided with food, raiment, and lodging at his expense.

The master has the power of correcting his slaves by blows or imprisonment; but the law—in such a country easily evaded—forbids the exercise of any great severity. If there can exist no village, or—if he be a domestic slave, in his master's family, without support. Imprisonment, with hard labor, is the penalty most of runaway slaves. A master may send his slave into the public workhouse, or into the army;—in the latter case, he sends one from the best next levy. No slave can be sold out of Russia; nor is it, except to a noble—but this law is frequently evaded. A slave may obtain his liberty by another person's purchase, or by serving in the army or navy.

Viewed in every position, the state of the Russian peasantry is the lowest in the scale of political degradation. It is, however, considered to reflect that, together with and by the higher feelings of our nature, it is not aggravated by poverty. Though possessed of whole tens, and usually contented with the knidness—not to tolerate—regard, and well adapted to their duties. They sometimes, but not often, domicil of two stories; the lower forms a stable, cowhouse, or supper one they dwell. A kind of ladder on the outside serves as a staircase. There is generally but one room in the habitable part. These furniture seldom comprises more than a wooden table and benches fastened to the sides of the room, wooden platters, bowls, and spoons, and perhaps a kegor of oil can be seen their victuals in. Their diet is substantial, consisting of black rye-bread, eggs, salt fish, mushrooms, and honey. They have also a favorite dish—a hash-pottch of salt or fresh meat, greens, and rye-flour, seasoned with onions and garlic. Of this food they obtain plenty at a cheap rate. Their clothing, however, is coarse. To clothe a Russian in the coldest costs nearly three times as much as in America; but their clothing is strong, and, being made loose and wide, lasts longer. It is rare to see a Russian in rags, and their style of dress becomes them very well. As to their personal appearance, they may be described to a large, coarse, hardy race—capable of great bodily strength—rarely below the middle size, very strong limbed—lean, but well built—Their muscular and open and ruddy—their lips thin—their teeth even and white—their hair coarse, reddish or flaxen—their beards strong and bushy. The complexion of the female peasantry is brunette—their skin, in general, delicate. Some of them, in their personal appearance, are extremely handsome. But both sexes are remarkable for their cleanliness. Being deprived of all education beyond that requisite sharpening of their intellects to render them more valuable as a property, they take to old traditions with extraordinary tenacity—believe in ghosts, goblins, and every variety of supernatural phenomena.

Probably the most interesting spectacle in the world presents in Moscow. The people of that city, and for hundreds of miles around it, almost adore the Great Bell, which lies at the foot of Ivan's Tower.

Its festival days—which in the Greek calendar are remarkably numerous—they resort to the Great Bell as they would to a sanctuary, and in devout and heartfelt accordance the strains lead to its base, cross themselves with a great parade of devotion.

The origin of this superstition is involved in obscurity; but as no people, however deeply they may be sunk in ignorance, can be so brutalize as to be altogether indifferent to the attractions of poetical and sacred liberty, the custom may probably be traced to a tradition connected with the bell, which has long preserved among the Russian peasantry for several generations.

This tradition, it appears, exists back to—period when the Russians enjoyed a condition approaching to the freedom of pastoral simplicity. The alarm bell suspended in a tower before the Kremlin, was brought from Novogorod, when that city was conquered in 1477. There it had been used as a signal for the people of that Republic to assemble from all quarters, in the event of foreign danger or internal tumult; and they regarded its removal to Moscow as the last symbols to their departing liberty. Thenceforward the love of bells became quite a passion among the peasantry of Russia; and several of the Emperors, following such regard to the political sentiment involved in its sanction, gratified their taste by the most liberal expenditure in the casting and erection of means to supply a substitute for the dearer and more soul-stirring stories of liberty.

ONE GREAT DUTY OF WOMAN.

A French author has recently written a book on "The Duty of a Pretty Woman to look Pretty." Such a work, doubtless, has its uses; but it is of limited application. We should have rejoiced in a title of more extended significance, which contained some reference to the title. The subject should have been, in effect—woe it is not too may—*the duty of every woman to look as well as she can.* The duty is one which unfortunately not pretty; but there are *few* women who cannot impart something of personal neat ness even to an ill-favored face and a misshapen figure, *if they will only take the trouble.*

We speak advisedly when we say that there are few relations in life, or rather that there are few unfavorable circumstances, which this is not a duty. That cleanliness is a virtue is seldom denied. A pretty woman, doubtless, is more careful of her person, and on right principles when dirty. And there are duties beyond personal cleanliness.

Neatness, order, and tasteful economy, are not